

ARTEMUS WARD'S FAREWELL NIGHTS

1922

1933

1939

1944

IN CANADA.**ADOO! ADOO!**

MECHANICS' HALL,
TWO NIGHTS ONLY,
TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY, NOV. 7 & 8.

[The public are respectfully informed that these will most positively be ARTEMUS WARD'S only nights in Hamilton, prior to his departure for England, where arrangements are already being perfected for his early appearance at Egyptian Hall, London.]

ARTEMUS WARD'S
MORMON ENTERTAINMENT,
WITH SOME]
CHEERFUL NEW STORIES
AND
ENTIRELY NEW SCENIC ILLUSTRATIONS.

PROGR. M.M.E.

THE Festivities will be commenced by the Pianist, a gentleman who used to board in the same street with Mr. Gotschalk. The man who kept the boarding-house remembers it distinctly. The overture will consist of a medley of airs, including the touching new ballads, "Dear Sister, is there Any Pie in the House?"—"My Gentle Father, have you Any Fine-Cut about you?"—"Mother, is the Battle o'er, and is it Safe for me to Come Home from Canada?" and [by request of many families who haven't heard it] "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching!" While the enraptured ear drinks in this sweet music [we pay our pianist nine dollars a week, and "find him,"] the eye will be enchained by the magnificent green baize covering of the Panorama. This green baize cost 40 cents a yard. We shall keep up with the times, if we spend the last dollar our friends have got.

II

Appearance of Artemus Ward, who will be greeted with **applause**.
[The Ushers are particularly requested to attend to this.] When quiet has been restored, the Lecturer will present a rather frisky prologue, of about ten minutes in length and of nearly the same width. It perhaps isn't necessary to say that the depth of the stage.

III

The Pictures Commence Here, the first one being a view of the California Steamship. Large crowd of citizens on the wharf, who appear to be entirely willing that **ARTEMUS WARD** shall go. "Bless you, Sir!" they say. "Don't hurry about coming back. Stay away for years, if you want to!" It was very touching.—At Panama.—A glance at Mexico.—The health of Maximilian.—The angry Pacific.—Queer scenes on shipboard.—The Storm at Sea, with the best thunder in town.

IV

The Broadway of the Pacific: Montgomery Street, San Francisco.—The Gold Bricks.—Street Scenes.—"The Orphan Hackman, or The Mule Driver's Step Father."—The Chinese Theatre.—Sixteen square-yards of a Chinese Comic Song.

V

Virginia City, Nevada.—The thrifty young metropolis of the new Silver State.—They shoot a great deal, here; though not much more than they do this way, after all. It is unsafe now to give even the quietest young man a pistol. The chances are that he will shoot his grandfather before night.

The Great Desert at Night.—A dreary waste of sand. The sand isn't worth saving, however.—Verses on the lamented George Glover, stage-driver.—Indians occupy yonder mountains.—Little Injuns seen in the distance trundling their war-wheops.

VII

A Bird's-eye View of Great Salt Lake City, with some entirely serious descriptive talk.

VIII

Main Street, East Side.—The Salt Lake House, &c. It is a temperance Hotel. In fact, the Main Law is rigidly enforced in Utah.

She's the most distressful country that ever yet has bin.
They're imprisonin' men and women there for sellin' of the gin.

IX

The Mormon Theatre.—Romeo and Juliet, with ten Juliets.—It is confusing to Romeo, and when Juliet asks, "Wherefore art thou, Romeo?" Romay answers that he don't know, *scurcely*, whereabouts he's gone to.

X

Main Street, West Side.—The Council House of the Territorial Legislature.—Can't think of anything funny to say about this. In fact, legislatures never *are* funny.

XI

husband. For further particulars, call on the Lecturer at Mechanics' Hall, on Tuesday & Wednesday Evenings, Nov. 7 and 8. This paragraph is intended to unite business with amusement.

XII

Heber C. Kimball's Harem.—We have only to repeat here the pleasant remarks above in regard to Brigham.

XIII

INTERMISSION.

In intermission of five minutes will occur here, so the Lecturer can go across to "see a man." The Pianist, however, will meanwhile practice some new

XIV

Bernacle.—The Great Mormon Meeting House, where the Elders and islead the congregation, and Mrs. Smith leads the choir.

XV

The Temple as it is: Not much of a picture, though the audience can have a *carte de visite* of it if they insist on it.

XVI

The Temple as it is to be: A daylight and night view. It is hoped this picture is worth seeing.

XVII

The Great Salt Lake: It is also hoped that this picture is worth seeing.

XVIII

The Endowment House.—The Mormon is initiated into the mysteries of his faith here, which is pretty much all we know about it.

XIX

Echo Canon.—A sick-looking picture beside that of Mr. Bierstadt, but perhaps it will do. It was the best they had in the store.

The Desert, again.—A more cheerful view.—The Plains of Colorado.—The Rocky Mountains "might have been seen" in *Washington Irving's*, if the artist had painted 'em. But he is prejudiced against mountains, because his uncle once got lost on one.

XXI

Brigham Young at Home.—The last Picture.

Now go home, or the lights will be put out.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

From the *Sheboygan [Wisconsin] Bugle of Liberty*.

ARTEMUS WARD.—This great lecturer called on us to-day and ordered quite a lot of Job Printing. We consider him one of the greatest lecturers in this country.

From the *Skowhegan [Maine] Clarion*.

* * * Although his style is different from Washington Irving's, we cannot be blind to the fact that Mr. Irving's style is different from his.

From the *Rahway Gazette*

* * * Not a dry eye in the audience. Many could have borrowed money of him on the spot.

From the *Hoboken Expounder*.

No family should be without him.

From the *Keokuk [Iowa] Banner*.

We don't know when we have been more so.

THE FOLLOWING LIBERAL SCALE OF PRICES HAS BEEN ADOPTED :

ADMISSION - 25 Cts. ; RESERVED SEATS - 50 Cts.

Doors Open at 7 o'clock ; Commencing at 8 o'clock.

* * * MR. CARLETON, Publisher, 413 Broadway, N.Y., has in Press ARTEMUS WARD'S NEW BOOK OF TRAVELS, with numerous Comic Illustrations by MR. E. F. MULLEN.

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to

Yours truly,
A. Ward

Ward A. XX